

# The Washington Times

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## REAL ANGLO-AMERICAN ISSUE.

The question of canal tolls is of course something of an issue, and the worries of the Britishers about Mr. Bryn's tendencies to speak out loud his thoughts about relations between Britain and Ireland is plainly straining the relations between seventeen or eighteen Englishmen, and these United States. Likewise the unsportsmanlike disposition of our Marathon athletes to win too many points is painful to some trans-Atlantic susceptibilities.

But all the same, the real menace to peace right now is involved in the question whether the New York Yacht Club is going to give Sir Thomas another chance to get beaten in a yacht race.

## THE DENTISTS AND THE POOR PUPILS.

The District Dental Association proposes to provide free dental care for poor school children, and the plan will probably be developed and put into effect.

There are great numbers of poor people who believe it a calamity to "fall into the hands of a dentist." They would rather have the aching molar yanked out.

Likewise, this same class considers that oculists are enemies of eyesight, because "we see so many more children wearing glasses than we used to."

We do; and the children are better off, in digestion, comfort, general health, nerves, and eyesight, for the fact that they get more attention from the dentists and the oculists than they used to. More children with glasses than there used to be? Yes; and more children whose eyes are saved, too.

## THE FRIEDMANN CURE.

Dr. Friedmann's serum for treatment of tuberculosis is entitled to a fair trial, and it is not apparent that the conservatism of the Government health service is without justification. The Berlin specialist has made a much more favorable impression of late than he did during the earlier period of his American visit. It has become plain enough, from his conduct, that he believes in himself and his treatment, and that he is not consciously or intentionally a faker in any degree.

None the less, it would be unfortunate if too high a valuation were placed on his cure. Back of all cures for tuberculosis lies the plain duty of prevention by dint of proper living methods. No treatment is going to eradicate this disease that does not summon sanitation as an ally.

Whatever efficacy may at length be claimed and demonstrated for the Friedmann serum, the fact will remain that people must be taught the necessity of living in properly ventilated and clean homes; they must learn to sleep with their windows open; they must realize that no injection of vaccine can take the place of clean, fresh, pure air and plenty of it. The overcrowding of sleeping and living rooms must not be forgotten in an outburst of confidence in any remedy.

## THE DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS.

We have tried a good many years, while our diplomatic posts were occupied chiefly by gentlemen with ample purses and corresponding social ambitions, to get Congress to provide permanent residences for our ambassadorial representatives abroad. The effort has always failed.

It has been urged that such provision was a prerequisite to getting men of predominating cerebral instead of financial capacity into the diplomatic service. Perhaps that has been an error; possibly the order of procedure should be changed, and we should get brains into diplomacy as a preliminary to getting proper provision for our diplomats abroad.

Anyhow, the suggestion of President Eliot, of Harvard, and Prof. Fine, of Princeton, for ambassadorships suggests that President Wilson is going to try the other way around. There will be immediate and enthusiastic indorsement of the proposal of Dr. Eliot for the London post. The dean of American scholarship, letters and education, he is of precisely the type that should be represented in diplomatic station. In the middle age of this republic we were wont to send men of this class and caliber to foreign posts, and without exception they made an excellent impression. Nothing did more to increase the respect of Britain for America, nothing did more to answer the contemptuous query, "Who reads an American book?" than the assignment of intellectual leaders to the St. James mission. And after a period, all too long, of gilded representation by check-book, it is pleasant to consider that we are in the way of a reversion to those examples of former good taste and good sense, and to an emulation of the excellent modern example that Britain has set to us in sending Dr. Bryce here. It is to be hoped that Dr. Eliot will accept the London post, and that more men like him and Dr. Fine will be appointed for other stations.

## THE PRESIDENT'S JERSEY REFORMS.

Everybody save the few who constitutionally oppose all progress, must wish the President well in his struggle to get jury reform in New Jersey. His demands involve the drawing of juries, for many years so bad, under the system of sheriff drawings, as to bring the jury system into disrepute. The legislation which the President initiated before he left

the governor's chair, provides for a jury commission in each county to be named by the governor. The reactionary crowd in the Legislature has hatched on an amendment providing for a referendum to the people; not because there is any doubt that the people are for it, but because the requirements imposed on this referendum make it very doubtful if the complicated requirement can be met at a referendum election. The provision is affixed, not to determine public sentiment, but to kill the bill. The President is out in opposition to it, and he ought to win his fight. His former experiences fighting the old Jersey gang justify the expectation that by the time he has made his appeal to the people, and aroused them in his support, he will win.

It is in just such instances as this that the people are entitled to a chance to make their voice heard. "Why can we not give the people what they have demanded, without qualification?" asked the President. The answer is that we can, if they will demand it vigorously enough.

## REVISION BY SCHEDULE OR EN BLOC.

It is possible that some special advantage may appertain to the revision of the tariff schedule-by-schedule, instead of en bloc in a single great, inclusive measure. There used to be a firmly fixed notion of such advantage. It was believed that less trading and logrolling between factions and interests would be possible, if a schedule at a time were considered, each on its merits.

Perhaps. But it may be doubted whether this advantage amounts to much. When Schedule A is up, Schedule K will be in mind just the same, whether it is nominally before the House or not. The people whose concern is wrapped up in zinc will be on the job when asbestos is under consideration. They will not be vastly embarrassed about trading with the asbestos people, who will want votes just as much as if asbestos and zinc were written in the same paragraph.

The real ideal of schedule revision is to be attained only at that distant period when we shall appreciate the possibility of revising particular schedules and even items by themselves, entirely apart from any general consideration of tariff as a system, and from the whole body of schedules as the basis of a revenue system. That again, brings us back to the tariff commission plan, which just now is in the discard of disrepute, but which will be with us again, as the real scientific plan of handling tariff.

Meantime, Congress has been so thoroughly impressed with the nonsensical idea that you "can't open the tariff at one point without opening it at all," that we are not prepared to consider the idea of schedule-making apart from thought of logrolling. That idea, of course, has been inculcated and fostered by the very people who find their plans are served by adherence to it. They want trafficking and "changing work," in order to make it easier of consolidate strength in support of the highest possible duties. The thought of some trafficking among those who want lower duties somehow seems never to have gained a footing, though it is just as possible and logical.

At a time when such a revolutionary move as the adoption of the income tax into our revenue system is under consideration, there are some positive advantages about having the whole tariff scheme in a single bill. One is that each part may better be considered with reference to the whole and to general results.

The duties on wool and sugar are going to have a direct bearing on the adjustment of the income tax rate. If we get free wool and free sugar, this will mean that more money must be raised by the income excise. Therefore, a certain measure of adjustment of one schedule to another is unavoidable.

After all, the character of a tariff scheme, as a whole, whether it is made in one bill or in a score, may be expected to reflect the attitude of the Congress which makes it. The detail of making it in one measure or in a series is rather immaterial.

## THE BOY WITH THE SILVER SPOON.

The boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a bag of gold in each chubby fist faces an uphill fight if he's going to be a man's man.

He has to fight the influence of a mountain of money; and that is a fight strong men have fought—and lost.

He has to fight the influence of pampering and petting by friends and relatives.

He has to fight the impulse to indulge in condescension and snobbishness, which is born of the ministrations of a horde of tuft-hunting, kowtowing, palavering curry-favors.

He has to fight his environment of luxury and dependence; the languid, do-nothing, day-in-and-day-out existence of his "set."

He must fight these things if he would escape a supercilious, distorted, simpering maturity. He must fight for his right to democratic manhood and success by his own efforts.

He must forget, and make others forget, that he was born to money and station. Then he must plunge into the middle of the current and flounder about with millions of others until he finds himself and strikes out up-stream.

The son of the rich is in the minority by accident of birth; he is out of tune with the vast majority of his fellow men; he lacks their viewpoint of life, their viewpoint of righteous, justice, equality, prosperity.

If he is to be anything in this world except a drone, he must work with these men. He can work as their enemy; he can work as their friend; he can, worse than either, work in the dark not knowing his fellow men.

The hardest battle before the rich young man, then, is his fight to become democratic, to be born again. If he cannot win this fight his labors will be in vain, for he is laboring blindly.

Altogether the lot of the boy with a silver spoon is not an enviable one, if he is to win success. He has a double task. He has to learn to climb down before he can climb up.

## THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other.

### ON SPRING.

As Spring, with ev'ry fleeting hour,

Is bringing Nature closer,  
Are we indifferent to its pow'r?

No, sir!

We'll grant you "'tis a pretty thing"—

We are no base deceiver:  
We DO perceive the touch of

Spring  
(Fever).

We have postponed, perhaps forever, our jaunt to the Cubistic exhibition, chiefly because our knowledge of art is zero and we wouldn't know anything about it if we did go. Not that the many who have written of it have anything on us; but we KNOW we don't know.

As for the "Nude Descending a Staircase," it puzzles us, though we haven't seen it. What business has a nude descending a staircase, anyhow?

### This Should Be Investigated.

(From the "Star.")  
The money handled by the treasurer, including the guarantee fund and other receipts, amounted to \$128,410, and expenses to date are \$35,401, leaving a balance of \$93,009.

The Dem admin has been in operation seventeen days, but we don't notice that the Average Man is any happier or more prosperous than he was on March 3. And, if that sound foolish, it isn't any more so than the sturdy announcements of the party's success, based on the results of two weeks' power.

### We Have the Remains on Exhibition.

G. S. K.: To tell the simple, unadorned Warheit, I'll be hanged if I think you ever owned a silk umbrella in your life.

CHENNIE.

Were we setting out to demonstrate that Hunt Wilson is a dipped-in-the-wool diplomat, we'd call attention to his thousand, if you don't believe it count 'em, word method of saying "I'm done," and let it go at that.

### STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Front Page League.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Mexico	19	2	.906
Friedmann	13	8	.619
Tariff	12	8	.600
English Suffs.	11	9	.550
China	9	10	.474
Ambassadors	7	11	.385
Turkey	5	15	.250
Currency	3	17	.150

As we dope it from the ads, the features of inauspicious were Wood Wilson and the Southern railway. Or the other way around.

G. D. A.

starts at the bottom and goes up. Ideal way to read your column. She G. S. K.: My wife has found the

Then.

This Paragraph Should Suit Her.

Nix. Pocatella, you couldn't call Gomez a Cubist. Don't you EVER read the papers?

Does This Sound Funny to You?

(From the "Times")  
Congressmen Padgett and Bathrick broke into the aviation game today. . . . Both Congressmen expressed themselves as delighted with their exciting trips, which, however, ended safely.

An unfortunate accompaniment of the joyous springtime is the "Hall-gentle-spring-and-spring-hailed" pleasantries.

To say nothing, which we wish they would, of the spring poem jokes.

And the office-seeker wheeze continues to sparkle daily in some of our most estimable papers, despite—or should we say because of—our earnest efforts to suppress it.

Of Course Not. Don't Be Silly.

G. S. K.: Did you ever hear of anyone buying one of those large white-and-chocolate Easter eggs that are shown in the confectioners' windows?

D. I. H.

Mr. Mott having declined the Chinese mission—this as a Gotham giggle—would like to hear from Messrs. Pell and Doyers, in the order named.

March of Progress in Whitesburg.

(From Simpson's "Daily Leader," Kittanning, Pa.)  
WHITESBURG—A substantial hitching rail has been put up at Blanket Hill schoolhouse.

"Unaware of Fire, She Just Escapes."  
—Headline in the "Times."

What more did they expect her to do?

Mr. Wilson, as we paddle to press, is urging 'em to reconsider.

### What's the Answer?

"The good die young."—Ancient saying.  
"The good die young."—Lillian Russell.

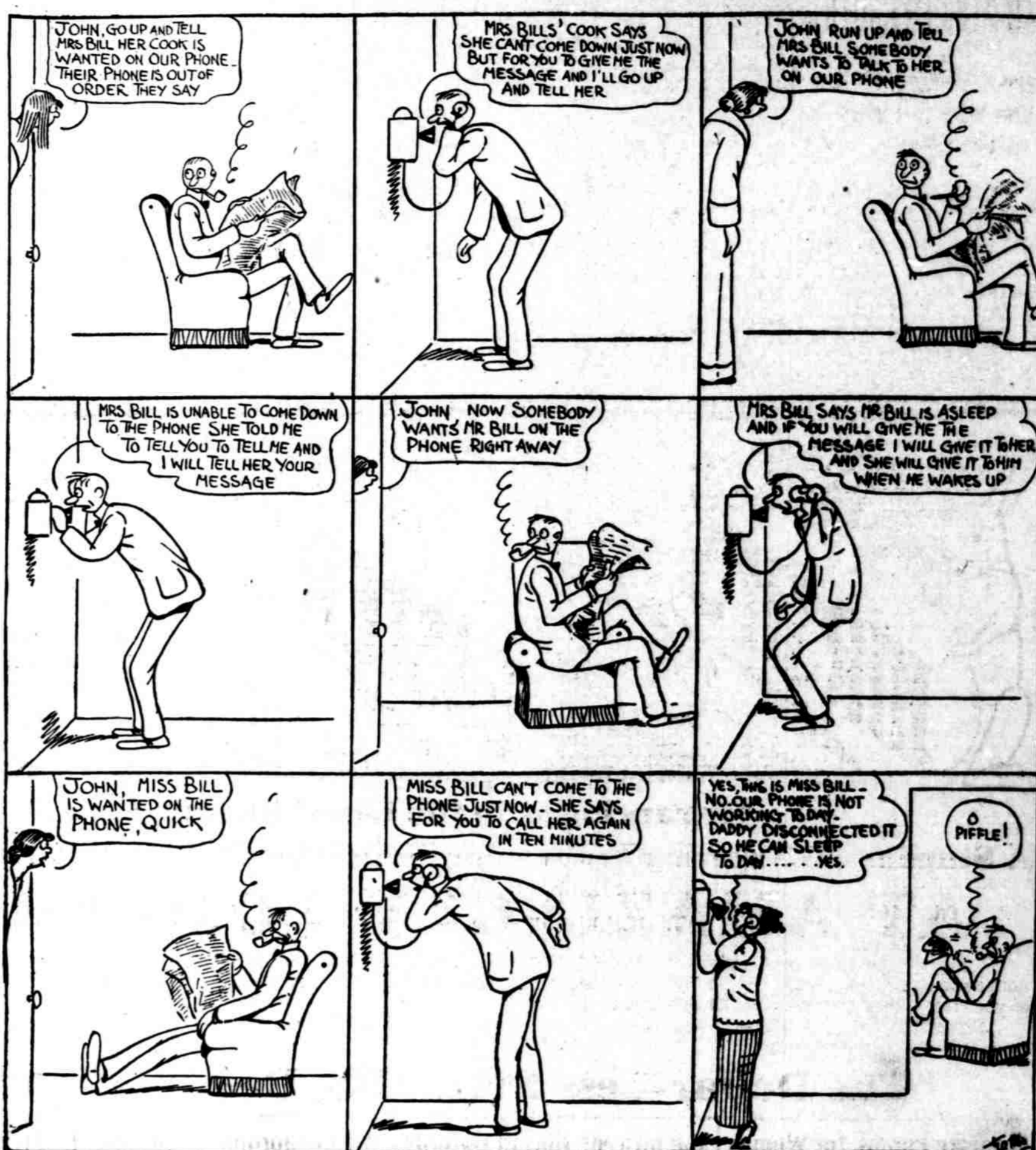
Cabell Long, the White House chauffeur, would be an expensive foreign representative for a newspaper, wouldn't he?

In the spring the young man's fancy clothes are seen upon the street.

Sail on, O Secretaryship of State!

G. S. K.

## THE DAY OF REST By MAURICE KETTEN



## Marriage Customs in Many Countries

By Madison C. Peters

Among the Austro-Hungarians.

THE majority of the Austro-Hungarian peoples are of Slavonic origin. But they, too, are divided into many races, differing, more or less, in their language, religion, and domestic customs.

Among the northern Slavs—the Czechs, Poles, and Ruthenians—marriages are always arranged by two members of the would-be bridegroom's family. The day for their visit having been previously set, they begin by announcing that they "are in search of a precious jewel greatly desired by the son of their respected friend," and ask permission to seek for it, as they believe it may be found there. Permission granted, they begin the search. The blushing maid is soon discovered, and after the exchange of a few compliments she retires and the business of arranging terms, etc., then begins.

The parents of the bride must give her a dowry, according to their means; but this is offset by the money, or its equivalent, which the bridegroom's family must give to compensate them for the loss of their daughter. This custom is so general, especially among the non-Germanic races, that even among the upper classes a present of some value must be made to the parents as a nominal "payment" for the bride. Among the peasants, especially those of the Slavonic and Magyar race, the "payment" is by no means nominal.

Among the Slovaks all the friends meet at the bride's house the night before the wedding for a supper and the "cake dance." The fun is uproarious, but just before the time set for the departure of the guests, the hilarity suddenly ceases, and custom demands that they should wait and weep to show the family grief at losing a daughter.

On the wedding morning, just before leaving for the church, the bride, dressed in her gala costume, is seated by her mother on the kneading trough, which is covered by a piece of newly woven fine linen. Her mother then cuts off three locks of her hair, which she solemnly burns and scatters the ashes to the winds.

The bridegroom generally goes to the house of the bride, and they then go together to the church. When the service is over they must return very slowly to the bride's home in order to allow her mother to arrive there first. This is because the daughter is now a visitor at her old home, and her mother must receive her and all the others as "guests," with the old-time, hospitable offering of bread and salt.

When the wedding party enters the house they remain standing, while the bridegroom walks three times around the table on which the wedding feast is spread.

Among the Austrian peasants when the oldest son marries the father and mother resign the home and farm to him, while they move to a smaller house, called the "poverhouse." The son, in assuming the care of the property, provides a fixed annuity for his parents, also a certain provision for his brothers and sisters. So that very often all he really gets is the empty dignity of his new position as head of the family.

When the parents have been signed the family and notary accompany the father on his last visit as master, to the estate. The boundaries are carefully followed, and at each post they stop while the old father solemnly repeats the words that will fall upon him when he changes his neighbors' landmarks. In order to make his words more impressive, he bestows a rattling box on the ear of his son-in-law, the vigor of the blow varying according to the generous or mean spirit that the son has shown toward him. This constitutes his last act of authority, as from that time on he becomes a pensioner on his own land.

### A Delicate Point.

THEY are a happy couple. They haven't been married very long. In fact, the honeymoon has barely waned, says the Pittsburgh Post. An elderly friend met the bridegroom downtown yesterday and slapped him on the back.

### The Sanctimonious Penny.

JEROME S. McWADE, the millionaire collector of Duluth, was appealing on the Mauretania for a seaman's fund.

## Guidebook to Gallantry.

By Alma Woodard.

### Soda Fountain Conduct.

IF you should happen to meet a lady of your acquaintance on the street about 4:30 in the afternoon, ask her after greetings have been exchanged, whether she'll have a drink. She may say (there are still some who do), "Oh, no, really! Thank you SO much, but really—" etc.

But you just keep on insisting, and when she has finally capitulated don't offend her by suggesting things that are two for a quarter at the bar and a quarter straight in the palm room. Also dismiss the idea of tea by implying that of course you suppose she's in a rush (such a busy day!) and tea takes so long, don't you know?

Now that you've eliminated all save the cheapest treat beverage, soda water, gurgles mischievously:

"What do you say to as exciting a thing as a glass of ice cream soda?"

Couched in these terms, she thinks you really imagine it's a lark, and she enters into it with zest. And let me tell you, in these days of hush money it's not often that you'll get any one to enter with zest into anything that has a licent horizon.

Least she discover before you get her to the fuzzi dispensary what a piker game you're handing her, "employ the time in being extremely juvenile and exuberant, and ask her in your best baby lingo:

"What flavor is 'oo goin' to have, h'm?"

Shoo her merrily through the doorway of the shop, and resting your hand carelessly upon a huge sign which reads: "PURCHASE YOUR SODA CHECKS AT THE DESK," stand in the middle of the floor and shout to one of the clerks:

"Say, where do vuh yah yer soda checks, huh?"

Tell the cashier "Two, please," and smile. Then she'll say to you in friend cadences: "Five, ten, fifteen or twenty, please."

How do you know? You're not a price list of non-toxicants. You try to tell her so in a G. B. Shaw manner, and she'll come back at you with a con-

galing upshot of brow: "Don't get slip! See? What's yer goin' to drink?"

You decide to retire and consult with the lady, who has meantime wandered over to the counter where the imported perfumes at four, five and eight dollars per ounce of fragrance are enticingly displayed. Noting her proximity to this bottled wealth, you decide to take a chance without referring to her. So you again approach the caged lady and murmur: "Two tens, please."

With the pastboards in your hand you beckon gracefully to the trustee. Oh, wise you! If you'd gone over there she'd have roped you sure. As it is, she hasn't got brass enough to CALL you deliberately over to be trimmed!

Somewhere, in full view, you will find two long lists of 10-cent things, with cryptic and alluring monikers. Eloquent, you suggest each one to the lady and she will say no to all of them. Then she'll beam at you and whisper:

"What're YOU going to take?"

To end the agony, you mention something you've been brought up on, for instance, coffee ice cream soda.

This speed inspires the lady to action. She will have a malted milk, cold, with ice cream, chocolate flavoring and an egg. Just as you are about to ask her whether she wouldn't like a dash of talcum powder and a hairbrush drop to finish it off, the clerk intones, sourly:

"Ten cents more, please!"

By this time all the foam on your coffee soda has gone down and it looks like a bum deal for you, so you ask the clerk to fill it up. "Finally you taste it. You drink about half, then you shudder and say to the mixer: 'It's just a trifle too sweet. Would you mind putting a little more in it?'"

He does mind, but he does it. You sip again. Bah! It's awful! You laugh apologetically at the dispenser, who is gazing at you with massacre in his eyes, and murmur as you leave: "Just a trifle too, old man. I think a dash of syrup would help it—just a hash!"

Then, as you leave the store, don't look back, even though you've forgotten something. Because glass projected with powder from a distance is apt to be disfiguring!

What's on the Program in Washington Today

The following I. O. O. F. organizations will meet tonight: Lodge-Central, No. 1, and Metropolis, No. 16; degree: Phoenix, No. 2; business: The Encampment—Magenau, No. 4, grand visitation; Rebekah degree—Miriam Lodge, No. 4.

The following K. P. organizations will meet tonight: Lodge—Syracusan, No. 10, rank of knight; Pythian Sisters—Bathbone Temple, No. 8, St. Patrick's social.

Meeting of National Union Club, Pythian Temple, tonight.

The following Red Men's organizations will meet tonight: Seneca Tribe, No. 11; Minniea Tribe, No. 14; Idaho Council, No. 1.

Amusements.

National-Viola Allen in "The Daugh-